The Revolution.

"What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

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Poetry.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Up through the wood-paths, with bird-songs about her,
May has come softly, the beautiful child!
Skies that were sullen and joyless without her,
Broke into sunshine above her and smiled.

Green on the uplands the wheat-fields are springing,
Cowslips are shining, and daisies are white;
Through the still meadows the waters are singing,
Brimming with melody, flashing with light.

Blooming with clover the orchards are growing,
Flecked by the shadows that tremble and glide;
Round their gray trunks, when the west wind is blowing,
Sways the young grass in a billowy tide.

Strong as the arms of a giant, yet tender,
See what a treasure they lift to the sky!
Take your red roses—aflame with their splendor—
We love the apple trees—Robin and I.

Hark! how the oriole, flashing and glowing,
Trills his clear whistle, so mellow and mild,
Where, o'er their tops, with a lavish bestowing,
Drift upon drift, the sweet blossoms are piled.

Where is the lip that has worthily sung them—
Tinted like sea-shells, or whiter than snow?
Bees, all the day, as they linger among them,
Drowsy with nectar, are murmuring low.]

Pillowed beneath them, I dream as I listen
How the long summer above them shall shine,
Till on the boughs the ripe fruitage shall glisten,
Tawny and golden, or redder than wine.

In the bright days of the mellow September,
How we shall shout as we gather them in—
Hoarding their wealth for the chilly December,
Heaping them high in the cellar and bin.

Then, when the snow in the moonlight is gleaming,
Up from the darkness the apples we'll bring,
Praising their sweets, where the firelight is beaming;
Globes of rich nectar, a poet might sing.

Tales of the Vikings our lips will be telling;
Yet, when the Sagas are done, we shall say,
"Here's to the land where the summer is dwelling!
Here's to the apple tree! monarch of May!"

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From Thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old December's bareness everywhere!

And yet this time removed was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime
Like widow'd wombs after their lord's decease!

Yet this abundant issue seemed to me
But hope of orphans, and unfathered fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;

Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

SHAKESPEARE.

As if they thought
The well-trained hypocrite had something still
Of inward worth!

POLLOCK.

Miscellany.

THE POVERTY CURE.

BY MRS. LAURA CURTIS BULLARD.

MRS. DURAND was an invalid. For many years she had been a victim to a complicated and baffling disease, which, for the want of a better name, was christened by her physicians and friends "nervous debility."

The slightest excitement or exertion left her utterly prostrated and weary, and every nerve and muscle in her system kept her painfully conscious of their existence. The luxuries that surrounded her were only to her a realization of the fable of the cup of Tantalus. True, she had an elegant carriage, fine horses, and many servants; but the fatigue of driving out was far greater than the pleasure of a drive, and she rarely attempted it. She had a fine library, but books she had never cared much for; and if she had loved reading, her eyes were so weak as to put that amusement out of the question. An extensive and choicely kept conservatory was a part of Mr. Durand's establishment, but the odors of the flowers made his invalid wife faint and sick. She had no taste for fancy-work, that busy idleness which saves so many women from *ennui*. Embroidery, crochet, knitting and netting, she had tried in turn, and each tired her and made her head ache. Her three children generally paid her a visit once a day; but it would be difficult to decide which enjoyed it least, or was more pleased to have it over—the boys, or their mother. The children were glad to escape from the hushed, gloomy chamber, where everything that they did seemed to be out of place and wrong, so constantly were they checked for being boisterous or troublesome; and Mrs. Durand experienced a sensation of relief when she had kissed them all, and seen them safely marshalled out of the room by their nurse; for she had a comfortable consciousness that she had done her duty, and that she had seen the last of them for one day at least.

After this morning visit she had nothing to do but to lean her aching head wearily back on the pillowed easy-chair until her physician's coming roused her from her listlessness for a few moments. This call, and a still briefer one from her husband, just before dinner, were all that varied the monotony of her life.

Mr. Durand was a kind-hearted man, and reasonably fond of his wife; he had spared no pains or expense to restore her to health; he had made no objections to her trial of the *pathies*;—allopathy, homœopathy, hydropathy,—and only shrugged his shoulders when, as a last resort, *healing mediums* were called to the rescue. He had gratified her every whim; had taken her to every variety of climate; without a word of remonstrance had visited all the *Springs*, far and near, in search of that health which was nowhere to be found, until at last, after going round the whole circles of remedies in vain, it had been Mrs. Durand's own proposal to remain at home under the care of her own family physician.

Meanwhile, as his wife's malady, though incurable, seemed not all likely to prove fatal, Mr. Durand's anxiety, which at first had been extreme, died away. It grew to be a matter of course that Maria should be sick, and his daily call and this stereotyped dialogue became equally habitual:

"Well, how do you feel to-day, Maria?"

"No better"—with a sigh. "My head is as bad as ever."

"Sorry to hear it."

A pause—then a glance at his watch. "It is near dinner-time. Good-night, Maria. I wish you could sit at table with me."

This conversation, almost without a variation, had been repeated day after day, until it was as much a part of Mr. Durant's daily life as his dinner and the cigar, the evening's paper, and the quiet rubber of whist with a few cronies, that followed it.

The lonely evenings Mrs. Durand spent, as she did her lonely days, reclining in her chair, or on the lounge—her thin, white hands, shaded by exquisite and costly lace, folded and lying idly in her lap, while with half-shut eyes she gave herself up to sad reveries.

It seemed almost like a dream to her to look back, as she often did, to the time when, a rosy, plump and joyous country maiden, she had raked hay, made butter and cheese, washed dishes, and even scrubbed the white floor of her aunt's neat kitchen. Her small hands, now so white and soft, had been red and hard once; her transparent cheek had been sun-burned and browned; but her rustic beauty had won the heart of the rich city merchant, whom business brought for a few weeks to the neighborhood of Mapleton, and not many months later she became his wife. City life was entirely new to Maria Durand, and for a few seasons she had enjoyed it to the full. Parties, the opera, and all sorts of gayeties, succeeded each other, until suddenly her health failed. And now, so young, while life held out to her a cup overflowing with a delicious and intoxicating draught, one drop of bitterness poisoned it all. It was hard, indeed, and poor Maria Durand shed many scalding tears as, in the solitude of her own room, she contrasted the present with the past.

She had plenty of time for such reflections, for the calls of her many friends, and the inquiries for the health of "dear Mrs. Durand" had grown less and less frequent, until they had almost entirely ceased, and she who had been at one time a reigning belle—admired, flattered and envied—was now forgotten.

The circle in which Mrs. Durand had moved was not unusually heartless; but sickness is a test which never fails to distinguish the counterfeit from the genuine friendship, and it must

be confessed that few human beings have a fountain of sympathy which will sustain a drain of four or five years, without at times running dry.

As if conscious of this, invalids are very apt to make up for the deficiencies of others by bestowing all their sympathies on themselves; absorbed by their own sufferings, they forget all others. Mrs. Durand was no exception to the general rule, or she would have observed that her husband was growing pale, thin, wrinkled and care-worn. He was strangely absent-minded—he came up to her room after dinner several times, and sat silent and moody; if she addressed him, he replied at random, and she made no further attempts at conversation.

She was lying on her couch one evening, when Mr. Durand entered the room. She did not look up, she hardly spoke, for she had felt unusually ill all day and her head was still throbbing painfully. Her husband approached her, and stood by her side.

"Maria," said he, "I should like to talk with you a little, if you are able to bear it."

Something in his voice startled her; she looked up, and for the first time noticed how haggard and changed he had grown.

"What is it?" she cried, starting up. "How fearfully pale you look. The children?"

"Are perfectly well," he replied.

"Has anything happened to you, Robert?"

"Maria," he said, hardly heeding her words, "I am ruined—bankrupt."

He buried his face in his hands, and his whole frame shook with emotion. In an instant his wife's arms were round his neck, kisses on his brow, and her voice whispered words of comfort.

"But you, dear Maria," he said, "feeble as you are, what is to become of you? I could bear it myself; but to think of you and the children—it almost unman's me."

"Is all lost?" she asked.

"I fear so. My honor, thank God, will remain unstained; but nothing will be left after the payment of my debts."

"And how did it happen?"

Her husband briefly told her of his misfortunes, which were mainly owing to losses at sea, for he was largely engaged in navigation; he rehearsed his struggles, told of his sleepless nights and anxious days, and Maria listened with moistened eyes and parted lips.

"My own dear husband!" she said, at last, kissing him fondly, "and what are your plans for the future?"

"I have made none as yet. I have been overwhelmed in the present trouble. The future looks dark, indeed. When I think of you, in ill health, requiring every comfort, and yet feel that I shall be unable to supply your wants——"

He stopped, for his voice was choked with emotion.

"Do not speak so sadly, Robert. The future to me does not look dark. You made your own fortune—you can do it again; and as for me, if I have lived in luxury for many years, I do not forget that I was once a poor country lassie, and lived very happily without the many appliances of wealth that you have bestowed upon me. Dear Robert, let us submit with a good grace to our present troubles."

Mr. Durand shook his head sadly. "You speak lightly, Maria, of giving up luxuries, forgetting that they have grown to be necessaries to you. If you were strong and well, it would be different; even then it would be hard to exchange this house for one suited to our income, or rather lack of income, and, instead of having servants ready to do your bidding, to wait not only on yourself, but on others."

"It is very pleasant to be waited on, I admit," said Mrs. Durand, "but I can do without it; and I have not forgotten how to sweep and make beds, and bake. Try me, and you shall see that I am as good a cook as our French *artiste*. We will be happy yet, Robert. Riches are comfortable, but poverty shall not make us miserable."

Cheered in spite of himself by his wife's spirit, Mr. Durand began to talk of the future, and the evening which began so gloomily, ended quite pleasantly.

Robert Durand felt already like a new man; his wife's sympathy lightened the load which had well nigh crushed him, and he set about the settlement of his business with fresh courage.

From the wreck of his fallen fortunes he came out with a large stock of self-respect—for no man could charge him with dishonorable conduct—and a very small stock of capital with which to begin the world anew.

Mrs. Durand meantime was not idle. It was her part to see to the settlement of domestic affairs, and though head and limbs ached, yet she never complained. But, to her surprise, her sleepless nights vanished—what opiates had failed to do, the magic of *fatigue* accomplished; and when at last the family were settled in a small but comfortable house, though she was very tired, she yet felt that she was really better than she had been for a long time.

As months passed, her appetite, which had been capricious and variable, became natural and healthy; dyspepsia slowly yielded its hold upon her. Her thin features became rounded, her figure gained plumpness, and at last a faint color tinged her cheeks! In one short year the invalid, Mrs. Durand, was transformed into a fresh looking matron.

With her health, her spirits returned, and the children astonished her one day by telling her that "they loved her a great deal better than they used to, because she was so *nice*;" which adjective, when she pressed for its interpretation, was further explained to mean that "she didn't tell them to keep still all the time, and she baked them nice cakes, and she told them stories, and she looked a great deal *prettier*."

This latter compliment Mr. Durand, who had been a listener to the conversation, emphatically pronounced to be true enough. "And she is as good as she is pretty, little folks," he added, passing his arm about her waist.

Mrs. Durand looked up with a smile.

"We are not so very miserable, after all," said she, slyly. Her husband's only reply was a closer embrace.

Years had passed, and Mr. Durand was again a rich man; once more his wife was mistress of a fine establishment—once more she attended and gave parties. But now she sat among older people, and looked on to see her boys and girls enjoy, with all the zest of youth, the music and dancing.

She was still a healthy, comely matron, whose sparkling eyes, blooming cheeks and luxuriant hair many a younger woman envied.

She was sitting one evening at a party, with a knot of her friends, when a pale young creature joined them.

She looked so listless, so feeble and miserable, that Maria's thoughts at once reverted to her own past, for Mrs. Tyler seemed a perfect counterpart of what she had been at her age. So absorbed was she in her own thoughts, that she hardly heeded the conversation around her, till the mention of her own name startled her.

"I was telling Mrs. Tyler," continued Mrs. Lorimer, "that she reminded me of you when you were so ill many years ago. It was the Water Cure, I think, that restored your health, was it not, Mrs. Durand?"

"No, Mrs. Lorimer, it was the poverty cure!"

"The *what*?" cried a chorus of voices.

"The poverty cure," repeated Mrs. Durand. "It was not very pleasant to take, but it restored me to health."

"You are talking in enigmas. Pray explain," said Mrs. Tyler, roused to a little animation.

Thus pressed, Mrs. Durand gave briefly the history of that period of her life which followed their reverse of fortune. As she concluded her story, her husband joined the group to conduct her to the supper-room.

Rising, and taking his arm, she said—

"And so I regained my health; but that is not all for which I have to thank the poverty cure."

KITCHEN AND PARLOR.

BY MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

There seems to be in the making up of human nature a nascent despot, which only requires the proper condition to develop into active life. Somehow we are all autocrats. We do enjoy the possession and exercise of power, be its sphere never so small.

We have the legislation of kitchen and nursery; we do enjoy that consciousness of importance, superiority, which somehow accompanies the possession of authority. When it comes to our inferiors, to children and servants, we are too apt to forget the sacred, inalienable rights of the individual in our love of control.

Now, do you suspect, you conscientious, model, long-suffering American housekeepers, that the foregoing applies to you?

We know all the chronic soreness of this subject of foreign domestics. Great, in the very nature of things, must be your trials and vexations of soul when it comes to your housekeeping. We know all that. We have been through with some of it, and have naturally our class sympathies.

But, there are always two sides to a question. We are going to take the part of the servant girl this time.

That latent love of domineering, that strong consciousness of the position and relations of the mistress of the household, does make a vast amount of petty regulations and meddling under which the human soul will grow restive and rebellious.

We are satisfied that there is a great deal of kitchen and nursery legislation in most households that can be dispensed with.

Keep your machinery of rules and laws as much as possible out of sight. All experience in civil government proves that it is safest to trust the human being and to give him as large liberty and responsibility as possible.

Take now the average Irish girl, as she stumbles out of the emigrant ship upon our shores. There she stands with her wild Irish heart, straight from the bogs and huts of her native

home. Very likely she has passed half her life in the potato fields at work with the boys and men.

Perplexed and homesick, ignorant, awkward and passionate, she will wear the soul and temper of more than one careful, thrifty housekeeper, and have a not very comfortable time of it herself, getting slowly trained into the habits of order and cleanliness and deftness.

Yet it is wonderful what a few years will make of her. It is astonishing, when you come to think of it, what dexterous chambermaids and capital cooks these Irish girls turn out in a few years. The comfort and luxury of our American homes depend very largely upon our servants, and although no doubt their faults are legion, and we wax eloquent over them, still it is well enough sometimes to look at home. Just put yourself in your maid's place before you lay down the law about "early hours," and "no visitors"—and hamper and hedge her about with small tyrannies.

How would you like to have your life lie in a treadmill groove—between kitchen and attic, and this, you must remember, oh, lady mistress, forms the daily landscape of your Irish girls? You have your social life, your amusements, your wide and varied opportunities for enjoyment and culture. Your servant has social instincts, her needs for companionship, her hankerings for enjoyment as inherently a part of her nature, as are your own, and although she may be loud, rough, and coarse in the indulgence of all these, still, on that account, you have no right to deprive her of them.

Just remember that she is human, and you, my dear madam, in your drawing-room, with all your grace and elegance and beauty, are no more than this.

And what are all your culture, your refinement, your superiority worth, if they have not taught you a finer insight, a broader charity, a profounder sympathy for those beneath you? Let your Irish girl feel somehow that you recognize her humanity, her womanhood. Let her have her own life to herself. Don't lock up every drawer and closet, and keep up a system of petty espionage. You will be likely to pay a heavy toll on that road, and never by such methods make an honest girl out of a dishonest one.

If she has the will she will find ways and means to cheat you, and you will be the gainer in the long run by throwing her on her own honor, by awakening her self-respect, by letting her feel that you trust her. Find as little fault and bestow as much praise as you honestly can, and remember that despite all the exceptions, as the kindest and most judicious mothers have the best children, so the kind and judicious mistress, who overlooks and pities, and leaves something to time, and hope, and human nature, has the best servants.

THE BROOKLYN WOMAN'S CLUB.

The Brooklyn Woman's Club held its last business meeting for the season at the house of Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard. A letter was read from George W. Curtis, who has recently become an honorary member; the poet Whittier also sent his thanks for his election as an honorary member, and Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker accepted the position of one of the Vice-Presidents.

Various committees were formed and their work prescribed. The President, Mrs. Burleigh, then announced, "The Philosophy of Clothes," as the subject for discussion. One of the members read some sparkling rhymes on this fascinating subject. Miss Hathaway, teacher of elocution at the Packer Institute, read a very able paper on the same question.

Miss Nelly Hutchinson expressed a desire to see a greater sense of fitness, and more individuality in dress. She said that uniformity was odious to the lover of harmonious differences. She wished the costume of Shakspeare's time could be introduced as evening dress for gentlemen, and thought that even Philip Sidney, the gentleman "sans peur et sans reproche" would not look lovely in the stiff dress of our day. Miss Hathaway drafted some resolutions condemning long dresses for the street, which were unanimously adopted by the Club.

Mrs. Burleigh then in a brief speech congratulated the Club upon its success. She said that in the four months of its existence it had increased from a mere handful to a membership of ninety. That the meetings had been largely attended and marked by great unanimity of feeling. That while the object of the Club was primarily educational, this was far from being its only function, it was also its duty to exercise its influence for public ends. The great advantage of organization was that it made it possible to crystalize into one emphatic utterance the convictions of many minds. That the Club might be a body of independent thinkers was the supreme good that she desired for it.

The great need of the age was that women should learn to think. "Accept no man against thine own soul," was the admonition of one of the wise men of the past. She would add; "nor woman neither." If women were going to take their thoughts at second-hand, they might as well take them from a man as from a woman. We should aim at truth in all things; to stand upon our own convictions was the secret of moral power.

She believed in woman's right to the ballot, but still more in her right to be an individual, and it is only as a means to this greater end that she insists upon her political equality. No doubt the ballot is a very important means, but it is only one of many, and while we lack this one we should be all the more vigilant in making the most of every other—in thinking bravely and acting nobly in the whole range of our activities. The various committees were admonished to give thought to labors entrusted to their care and to come together in the Autumn furnished with full reports.

Foreign Correspondence.

PARLIAMENT'S OPINION OF WOMAN.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

MANCHESTER, May, 1870.

A MAJORITY OF THIRTY-THREE VOTES IN PARLIAMENT.

The second reading of the bill for the Removal of the Political Disabilities of Women took place on Wednesday last. Mr. Jacob Bright, in bringing forward his motion, made an able speech giving, in as condensed a form as possible, a careful and comprehensive survey of the whole question. He was seconded by Col. Sykes, who said he had presented 185 petitions from independent women who fulfilled all the conditions of parliamentary electors, and he felt that a great injustice was done in debarring women from these rights which they were just as capable as men of exercising for the benefit of the community.

Mr. Scourfield and Mr. W. Fowler opposed the bill. The former used the "Woman's Sphere" argument, and anticipated the end of the world would be the result of any departure from that magic circle. Mr. Fowler warned the House against future women members of their honorable body.

Sir C. W. Dilke replied by saying that constituencies could best decide on their own representatives.

Mr. Beresford Hope, in opposition, suggested the idea of women in the Divorce Court as something very terrible.

Dr. Lyon Playfair then, in the words of a correspondent, "discussed the subject from almost every point of view, and knocked fallacy after fallacy on the head with the hard-headed and trenchant logic that might be expected from a man of his scientific eminence, and, at the the same time, with a force and vigor that are not always found in University lecture rooms."

Sir G. Jenkinson cordially supported the bill on the ground of the adequate representation of property.

Mr. Muntz took the same ground.

Mr. Bruce, the Home Secretary, on the part of government, declined to support the bill on account of the pressure of other business not allowing time to consider its merits.

Mr. Jacob Bright, in replying, expressed himself satisfied with the manner in which the bill had been debated, and read a telegram to the effect that the Manchester Town Council had that day resolved by a majority of 42 to 12 to petition in favor of the bill.

The House then divided:

For the second reading	124.
Against	91.
Majority	33.

The cheering was renewed very heartily when the result of the division was declared, and the bill was then read a second time, and the cheers were re-echoed on all sides, including the grated gallery allotted to ladies.

Most of the newspapers have had leading articles on this triumph, unexpected by many, but clearly indicative of the progress of public opinion. The views of the press as to the measure itself range between the positive and negative poles of the question. These poles may be described in two sentences. An ardent politician said to me, the other day, in speaking of the probable enfranchisement of women: "The effect will be inappreciable in the country." On the other hand, a Lancashire woman of shrewd sense remarked: "Woman's Suffrage will be the making of England."

DEPUTATION OF LADIES AT THE GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

Two deputations of ladies waited upon leading members of the government last week. The first had an interview with Mr. Goschen, the President of the Poor Law Board, on the subject of boarding out pauper children. The ladies were Mrs. Archer, Miss F. A Cropper, Miss Hill, Miss L. Boucherett, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, Miss Joanna Hill, Mrs. Hassard and Mrs. Agnes Moore. The husbands of the three married ladies accompanied them.

Mrs. Archer presented a memorial on the subject. The evils of massing hundreds of children under one roof were pointed out. The deputation asked that ladies should be legally empowered to take charge of such children, provide cottage homes and foster parents for them, and superintend their education, training,

clothing, etc. It is believed that such an arrangement would be the means of rescuing thousands of children from an unnatural, sad and unhealthy life, and add a large number of useful servants and working people to the community. Several of the ladies addressed the President in support of the memorial, and, after some discussion, Mr. Goschen promised to give the subject due consideration.

The Hon. H. A. Bruce, the Home Secretary, received a deputation consisting of Prof. Newman, Mr. Jacob Bright and ten other members of Parliament, Mrs. Butler and some other ladies. A memorial was presented protesting against the operation of the Contagious Diseases Act. Mr. Bruce promised that an immediate, complete and thorough investigation of the working of the act should take place.

ANTI-C. D. A. CONFERENCE.

The conference, consisting of above a hundred representatives, gentlemen and ladies, members of the several societies in London and the provinces, was held last week at Freemason's Tavern, London, and was presided over by Prof. Newman. It was in all respects most satisfactory. Papers were read and addresses and communications made on various branches of this subject so vital to the moral health of our country. Solemn and earnest discussion followed upon the present repeal and rescue, and future rescue and protection of the victims of vice. The memorial to the Home Office, which I have just mentioned, was drawn up and adopted at the conference. It took the ground that under the constitution of this country the civil population look to the Home Government for protection, whereas by the C. D. Act one-half of the population of many populous districts (the Garrison towns) are placed under the War Office and the Admiralty. The last report on Public Petitions to Parliament record 268 petitions, signed by 200,853 persons, praying for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts.

THE RIGHTS OF WORKING WOMEN.

We learn from the *Eastern Budget* that a meeting of 4,000 women employed in factories at Vienna took place lately in that city. Some very strong speeches were made, in which the employers were called "privileged idlers," and accused of driving the factory women into prostitution, by paying them wages which were not sufficient to provide the most ordinary necessaries of life. Nearly all the speakers were women, and, after a most earnest debate, a resolution was passed, to the effect that the present rate of wages paid to women, employed in factories, only leads to "social death from famine;" that the hours of labor must be reduced to eight: and that, if the demand for an increase of wages is not granted, all the factory women employed in the city will go on strike.

WOMEN MEDICAL STUDENTS.

The Medical Bill has been read a second time in the House of Lords. Numerous petitions have been presented praying that the medical schools be opened to women. Our leading paper takes up this question by referring to the speech of Prof. Laycock in the Edinburgh University Council, which I gave in a recent letter, thus:

The *Lancet* says: Until last week we were not aware that any one, in the profession or out of it, held that the mere fact of ladies wishing to be educated in common with men, in order that they might make sure of receiving the highest and most thorough scientific training, justified those who held contrary opinions in loading them with abuse and vulgar insult. It has been reserved for Dr. Laycock, professor in the famous University of Edinburgh, to set an example which, we trust, even the least courteous and gentlemanly of first-year's students will hesitate to follow. If the coarsest of those few students who still keep alive the bad traditions of the Bob-Sawyer period had given utterance to the insinuations which were used by this distinguished professor, we should simply have shrugged our shoulders, and concluded that the delinquent would be at once expelled with ingnominy from his school. Unfortunately, there are no such punishments for highly placed men like Dr. Laycock, but at the least we can express the deep indignation and disgust which we are certain every gentleman in the profession must feel at the outrage of which he has been guilty.

Another Edinburgh Professor has thus solved the question very satisfactorily in his class:

LADY MEDICAL STUDENTS AT EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.—The *Scotsman* says: The ladies at present studying here having applied to Dr. Alleyne Nicholson for instructions in natural history, Dr. Nicholson asked his usual class of male students if they would join him in inviting the ladies to attend the ordinary class, instead of requiring him to deliver a separate course; and as they unanimously agreed to do so, the ladies on Wednesday last joined the class. Besides the six studying medicine, five other ladies resident in Edinburgh are also attending.

We learn from abroad that the number of ladies at present studying at Zurich is fourteen, twelve of whom attend medical and two philosophical lectures.

The medical faculty at Warzburg has addressed questions upon the subject of the lady students to the authorities of the University of Zurich. The reply states: That medical and anatomical subjects are invariably treated before mixed classes, just as if no women were present, and in the course of the six years during which the system has been tried, no difficulties of any kind have arisen.

MEDICINE AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.

The adjourned debate on this subject took place at the last meeting of the Victoria Discussion Society in London. Lord Houghton was in the chair, and there was a crowded and fashionable attendance.

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, Miss Garrett, Miss Emily Faithfull and others spoke on the subject.

WOMEN SCULPTORS.

A bust of Queen Victoria, executed in marble by the Princess Louise, her daughter, was presented to the Royal Academy by her Majesty last year. It forms one of the ornaments of the gallery this season. The young millionaire Marquis of Bute has been spending Easter at Rome. He has just given Miss Edmonia Lewis an order for a copy of her famous Madonna in marble, and, our gossip adds, has paid her promptly for it.

Yours, very truly, REBECCA MOORE.

THE OLD WORLD IN ADVANCE OF THE NEW.—England some time since granted the municipal franchise to women, and from Italy we now hear that the Chambers, at Florence, have assented to a bill allowing women the right of Suffrage in municipal affairs.

Strangely enough, Europe seems more advanced in its ideas on the woman question than our own country. Our orators, on the 4th of July and on other national holidays, are fond of asserting that this is pre-eminently the land of progress, and the birthplace of new ideas. But modern civilization dawned in the east, and, judging from appearances, we must still look in the same direction, for the rising beams of a new day for women.

Children's Corner.

THE WREATH OF FAME.

BY M. GILBERT.

THE King-bird, the Purple Martin, the Woodpecker, the Crow, the Hawk, and the Jay had long been at war, but at last concluded a peace. "Why should we not celebrate this happy event?" cried the Jay; but he was always chattering, and at first they paid little attention to him; but he kept on just the same, squalling again and again, "Let us give a grand concert; let us invite all our friends and well-known artists, and let us crown the best singer with the wreath of fame."

"Agreed," said the others at last. At once the Woodpecker was deputed to strip off the bark of ten trees; and he soon sat down to engrave the invitations, for he could engrave very well, I assure you.

"I suppose we must invite the Owl," said the King-bird.

"That is just like you," cried the Jay, "to insult me without reason. You know that the Owl and I are on bad terms. I despise him, for he is a thief, not to say something worse."

"Dear me!" said the Woodpecker, "you have little to say on that score, for every one knows that you are a sneak yourself. You go secretly about devouring eggs, and you have been accused of tearing our little ones to pieces out of pure malice."

"I scorn to reply," said the Jay, and he jerked up his head very high. "See what a coxcomb he is!" whispered the Purple Martin to the King-bird.

"There is something else to be decided," said the Woodpecker. "Who is to be judge on this occasion. Though, indeed, there can be no question as to who ought to be. I do the work and I ought to carry off the honors. Besides, I am the most learned; for who among you can write his name?"

"Hear him!" cried the King-bird, "what insolence; what are kings for, I should like to know? My very title decides the matter."

"But," returned the Purple Martin, "you forget that you are only my cousin, and that your real name is Field-Martin. Some call you king, it is true, but many more call you tyrant, and that becomes you better."

"They are slanderers," said the King-bird in a rage. "I only defend my own lands."

"Well," said the Purple Martin, "king or tyrant, or whatever else you may be, you can't sing a note, and so should not set yourself up for a critic. Now, my songs have been much admired. I don't think I stand a bad chance to be crowned myself."

"Oh!" murmured the Hawk, "he would decide in favor of himself in advance. I am not musical, and therefore would not be partial. Besides, I have natural taste, and that is everything."

"Yes," said the Crow, "a taste for chickens. Everything depends on education, I think. Now, my grandfather lived three years in a gentleman's family, and I ought to know something of the fine arts."

"I suppose," said the Jay, "that my claims are to be ignored. I proposed the concert, and if there is any justice I shall be judge." Upon that they all began to urge their claims at once, and so violent was the dispute that it really seemed as if war would be renewed, and that

there would be no peace concert after all. However, they contented themselves with fighting with their tongues, and as all quarrels must have an end some time, it was at last agreed that all present at the concert should be judges; or, in other words, that the merit of the various singers should be decided by a general vote. And certainly nothing could be fairer than that.

Forthwith the invitations were sent, and oh! what a talking there was throughout the forest about the great event about to come off. Some thought they could not attend for want of a suit fine enough to wear; but when the appointed day arrived, there was not one who did not declare his apparel quite good enough after all. Each visitor, as he appeared on the ground, was greeted with a round of applause, and at last all were assembled, and the concert began in earnest.

First there were duets, trios and quartettes without numbers, not to speak of the grand chorus; for it was very proper that the concerted pieces should precede the solos. The Woodpecker was kept very busy writing the names of those who aspired to the prize; as for the election tickets, he had prepared them long before.

And now the contest began. The herald called out the names at the sound of the trumpet, and one after another sang his best, each hoping to make a good impression and to be crowned with the wreath of fame. First came the Yellow-bird, in a lemon-colored suit, trimmed with black; but though he sang boldly, they all whispered, "What a poor, weak voice!" He retired, and the Whip-poor-Will took his place. "I never heard such a doleful song," said the Orchard Oriole; "it might be suited to a funeral, but for a concert! oh, it is not to be spoken of."

As it happened, the Orchard Oriole was called upon to test his powers next. He sang a gay song so very fast that the ear was almost unable to follow the notes. "Yes," said the Fire-bird, "he thinks to conceal the defects of his voice by hurrying over difficulties. I, for one, prefer a pensive air." So the Fire-bird, in his turn, sang a plaintive melody. The Purple Martin was pronounced very graceful, but all whispered that his voice was low and guttural. Then the King-bird would try, but he repeated one shrill note over and over again, and was laughed at for his pains. Yet he mistook the laughter for cheers, and there was nothing strange in that, for there are those every day who do the same. Then the little Humming-bird came forward.

"You don't sing at all," said the Robin. "You are very stupid to try for the prize."

"Oh! you cannot distinguish delicate sounds," returned the humming-bird. "I can hear my song very well—and at any rate beauty ought to win."

"You shall hear me," said the Robin; and he sang in earnest. "Yes," cried the Thrush, "he tries to make up in zeal what he lacks in talent." Then the Thrush sang a charming song, which might have been heard half a mile off—but many said he sang no better than the Robin. After that, the Blue-bird made his bow in a rich sky-blue robe, and he warbled sweet notes with open, quivering wings.

"That was done for effect," said the Mocking-bird; "but wait till you see me." Then when his name was called, he spread his wings, he expanded his tail, he not only hopped but danced to his own music, keeping exact time with his feet. Now he whistled, now barked like a dog, now mewed like a cat, now imitated the creaking of a wheelbarrow, and now the cackling of hens. "And that is but the beginning," said he, "I have not yet fairly begun to show my powers." Upon that, he sang the songs of nearly all present; the simple melody of the Robin, the wail of the Whip-poor-Will, the trumpet-like notes of the Jay, the song of the Martin, of the Oriole and of many others.

Oh! what a bow he made, and how pleased he looked as he retired, shaking his head, as if to say, "Try who can, now!" But others were as willing to try as if the Mocking-bird had not opened his mouth at all. "Yes," said the Song-Sparrow, "that is all very well—but its only imitation after all. My song is my own. And there is one thing my voice is always in tune. I never plead a cold. I'm always ready, in the depths of winter as well as in glad summer." Having said that, he sang a sweet chant, but the House-Wren declared it monotonous. "I should be heard," said he, "Oh! I can trill nicely."

The Turtle Dove groaned. "Nothing pleases me but mournful airs," said he. "Mine is the voice of hopeless woe." Then he sang a requiem, interrupted by sobs.

"My voice is somewhat in that line, only my songs are not so doleful," said the Tanager. He presented a very gaudy appearance in his scarlet suit set off with jetty black, yet his song was, as he claimed, truly pensive.

Then many others were heard in their turn; but simply to mention all the names would take a tedious while. When the last one had sung, the votes were taken, and what do you think was the result? Why every singer, and also every one who could not sing, had voted in favor of himself! So who was to be crowned with a wreath of fame? Here was a puzzle!

"What would you do?" said all the claimants to the Owl, for he kept nodding his head, and looked wise enough to solve anything. But the fact was, he was only sleepy, and the clamor annoyed him. They could not get a word out of him, so they were obliged to seek advice elsewhere. After a deal of talk the Raven spoke up: "I know a thing or two! Tear the wreath up and let every one catch as many leaves as he can. Then no one can find fault." So the wreath of fame was torn into bits, and scattered to the four winds of the heavens, and to this day every one is trying to catch a leaf of it.

CHARADE.

An article. A nation. A newspaper.
My all is an historical era.

X. L. C. OR ESQ.

ENIGMAS.

NO. 1.

I AM *composed of 21 letters.*

My 1, 19, 7, 12, 16, is a celebrated city in Europe.

My 3, 7, 9, 13, 3, 5, 13, is a city in New Jersey.

My 10, 2, 18, 6, is a girl's name.

My 11, 15, 8, 3, is a hand.

My 14, 21, 9, 10, is a part of the body.

My 20, 7, 4, 17, 3, is a place often used for interment.

My whole is the name of a novel by a celebrated author.

Answer next week.

NO. II.

I AM composed of 15 letters.

My 1, 12, 3, is a familiar nick-name.

My 2, 6, 5, 1, 7, is what lovers often do.

My 3, 4, 8, 13, 3, is what business men should never do.

My 4, 8, 13, 3, 6, 2, is a kind of noise meaning unity.

My 6, 15, 4, 7, is a musical instrument.

My 7, 4, 13, 8, is a word meaning long ago.

My 8, 4, 14, 12, 11, 7, is what every person should be.

My 9, 8, 6, 2, is the name of an animal.

My 10, 12, 6, 5, 4, 5, 8, 13, is what every man should be.

My 11, 5, 13, 3, 4, 12, 9, is a quack medicine

My 12, 9, 8, 11, is admired by the fair sex.

My 13, 9, 12, 4, 4, is what every child is called.

My 14, 12, 6, 6, 4, 5, 5, 9, is the delight of the ladies.

My 15, 5, 8, 9, 8, 13, 3, is what a husband should never say to his wife.

My all is the name of a well known *ex-postmaster.*

X. L. C. OR ESQ.

WOMEN'S WORK AND WAGES.

Now that Congress has decided to pay the women employed in the government departments the same salaries as are given to men, we think that women in other occupations should and will push their claim for equality in the matter of wages. We think also that the guild making the first demand will be the teachers, and certainly they have right on their side. Whatever want of thoroughness there may be in woman's training for work in other occupations it is well known and acknowleged by those who have the superintendence of Public Schools, that women teachers are better fitted for their profession than men, and have greater adaptation for it.

We were told a few days since by a prominent member of the Board of Education in Brooklyn, that the superiority of culture, capability, and excellence of discipline of the women above the men teachers in Brooklyn schools was beyond comparison. It is so all over the country. Yet it is well known that their salaries are generally far smaller than those of men.

We are glad to say in justice to the Board of Education of that place, that the salaries of the women teachers of Brooklyn are, we believe, in advance of any city in the country. The management of the Public Schools of the City of Churches does credit to a rapidly advancing appreciation of the demands of such a community as ours, and sets a most excellent example to other places. There is no doubt, either, that its influence is affecting the interests of women teachers all over the country.

In Brooklyn, there are thirty-two grammar schools. Over most of these men preside, but all the assistants and subordinate teachers are women. Male principals have charge of all the grammar schools save four, and with three exceptions receive salaries of $2,250 per annum. The three exceptions receive $2,050 a year. Of four schools presided over by women, two award the principals the highest salary given to men, viz.: $2,250. The other two ladies respectively $1,500 and $1,200. The principals of departments all receive $1,000. The assistants and supplementary $900. And the under teachers are all salaried "on grade," their stipends ranging in six grades from $800 to $500.

In the primary schools the objectionable difference between the wages paid to men and wo-

men is more perceptible. In two schools men are employed as principals and are paid each $2,025 per annum, while all the rest (save one, No. 5, which pays its lady principal $1,500) pay from $850 to $1,000. Those having charge of four hundred (and over) pupils receiving the greater sum, and those having care of less than four hundred, the smaller. In the primary schools the assistants receive $600 or $500 according to the number of pupils, and the under teachers are paid on grade from $550 to $400, which ($400) is the lowest salary paid to any teachers in the (white) Public Schools in Brooklyn.

We are told by our informant that there is a rapidly growing favor on the part of the Board to supply women as principals in the place of men in the schools, paying them the same salaries as are paid to men. This progress in the direction of justice to women is largely due to the "living example" of capacity which Mrs. Dunkly of No. 9 and Miss Humphries of No. 27 have for years kept before the Board. Said our informant, "It is time that women had their place. I can see no reason why stupid old fogies should be paid full salaries, because they are men, and bright, capable, executive women, who do their work far more thoroughly, go under paid." We agree with our gentleman informant.

Household.

A LATE number of *Harpers' Bazar* contains an allegorical picture, by Nast, of a wilderness with a lost pilgrim in it, to which we are fain to attract the attention of our readers. The wilderness is represented by a kitchen, which, notwithstanding, it has all the modern conveniences, has, for some inscrutable reason, been deserted by the "young person" from Ireland, Germany or Africa, who has evidently reigned over it as queen of disorder and pell-mell. The wilderness reveals a motley, disorganized and demoralized collection of household stuffs and belongings, which does credit to Mr. Nast's knowledge concerning the necessities of a modern *menage*. Biddy, Gretchen, or Phyllis must have departed in a huff or on short notice. The wash-boiler or the range teems with clothes sadly needing the vigorous application of the idle stick which protrudes its length from their midst. A huge basket of linen awaiting sprinkling and folding stands in dangerous proximity to the fire. On the table is a heap of dishes, piled in as only the servant "girl of the period" could have the craziness to venture to crowd them. On the floor, coal and coal-hod, dust-pan, broom and scattered sweepings, sad-irons, slop-buckets and scrubbing brushes, make most dismal disorder. In the midst, dressed in the height of fashion, her hand to her head in an attitude of complete bewilderment, stands the mistress of the establishment, evidently as the artist expresses it, "*lost in the wilderness.*" The expression of her face shows that she could think—if she thought of the holy symbol at all save as an orhament—the heavy cross she bears upon her bosom, but a small emblem of the affliction she is suddenly called upon to endure.

The representation is an exceedingly sad satire upon the household management of our time, and the home education of our women. We felt the blush of shame mount to our brow as we studied the drawing, considered its full meaning, and acknowledged its truthfulness. To us there seems no more important reform than of domestic education. Nothing is more essential to the moral advancement of our people than *true homes*. These we cannot have until our women are educated to the business of making the house the well-ordered, refined and elegant place which even the humblest abode can be under proper management.

We believe that much of the marital misery of which we hear has its source in the want of proper home education of women. Our girls are taught to look upon marriage as their destiny, but preparation for its duties seldom enters into the account. The idea of Home should be inseparable from that of marriage, but instead of this being the case, perhaps as many as nine-tenths of the young women who look forward to matrimony as the grand consummation of earthly destiny and desire, shrink from the responsibility of "keeping house." Why? A number of reasons might be given, but they all have their source in one general fountain, viz.: a consciousness of entire unfitness for the duties involved in those two simple words. "Keeping house" involves many of the absolute duties of the wife and the mother; and no woman who is not capable of keeping house is fitted for the duties attached inseparably to the state of wife in the matrimonial alliance.

RECEIPTS.

To Cook Spinach.—Boil until very tender, drain carefully, and force through a cullender; mix with beef stock, salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, and mace, and fry in butter or beef gravy. It may be eaten at table with vinegar, if preferred, but makes an excellent dish merely boiled.

Omelet.—To four well beaten eggs, add one teaspoonful corn-starch, dissolved in one-half tea-cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls chopped parsley, salt, pepper and grated nutmeg. Fry as any other omelet.

Genuine Boston Brown Bread.—Four coffee cups full of sifted Indian meal; two cups of coarse flour, either wheat or rye; one teaspoonful of salt; one tea-cup of molasses, and boiling water enough to make it as thick as griddle-cake batter. When nearly cool, add half a tea-cup of yeast, either home made or distillery. Put the mixture into an iron baking dish, cover tightly; let it stand in a warm place until it cracks over the top (which should be smoothed over with wet hands before it is placed to rise). Bake it five or six hours in a moderate oven which will not burn the crust to a cinder.

Mock Duck.—Prepare a good dressing, such as you like for turkey or duck, take a round steak, pound it, but not very hard, spread the dressing over it, sprinkle in a little salt, pepper, and a few bits of butter, lap over the ends, roll the steak up tightly and tie closely; spread two great spoonfuls of butter over the steak after rolling it up, then wash with a well beaten egg, put water in the bake-pan, lay in the steak so as not to touch the water and bake as you would a duck, basting often. A half hour in a brisk oven will bake. Make a brown gravy and send to table hot.

Candied Orange Peel.—Cut the fruit into quarters lengthwise, take out the pulp and put the peels into strong salt and water for two days, then take them out and soak for an hour in cold water, after which put them into a preserving-kettle with fresh cold water and boil till the peels are tender, when they should be put on a seive to drain. Make a thin syrup of a quart of the water in which they were boiled and a pound of sugar, and simmer the peels in it for half an hour, when they will look clear; pour the peels and syrup into a bowl together to stand till the next day, when you must make as much syrup as will cover them, of the proportion of a pound of sugar to a pint of water, boiling it till it will fall from the spoon in threads; put the peels into the syrup, boil half an hour, then take them out, drain on a seive, and as the candy dries transfer them to a dish to finish in a warm place. When dry, store them for use. This receipt is useful for any lemon, orange or citron-peel, and perfectly wholesome.

How to Clean Paint.—Provide a plate with some of the best whiting to be had, and have ready some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the painted surface, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease, after which wash the part well with clean water, rubbing it dry with soft chamois. Paint thus cleaned looks as well as when first laid on, without any injury to the most delicate colors. It is far better than using soap, and does not require half the time and labor.

An Excellent Graham Bread for Dyspeptics.—Graham flour mixed with cold water very hard or till no more flour can be kneaded into it and rolled thinner than pie crust, baked in sheets on iron pans or old tin ones will keep for all time, if kept in a warm dry place. I hang mine in a bag behind the stove. It should not be allowed to brown as that destroys the life-giving qualities. I never ate any kind of Graham bread which set so easy on my stomach or was more palatable. If flour enough is not worked in, it will be tough; the dryer it is made by flour the more tender it will be.

The Best Way to Boil Eggs.—Put them in boiling water and remove the pan at once from the fire. Let the eggs remain in the water five minutes and they will be cooked as if boiled two and a half minutes, but will be far more delicate.

Soups for the Season—Green Pea Soup.—Put two quarts of green peas with four quarts of water, boil for two hours, keeping the steam waste supplied by fresh boiling water,—then strain them from the liquor, return that to the pot, rub the peas through a sieve, chop an onion fine and a small sprig of mint—let it boil ten minutes, then stir a table spoonfull of flour into two of butter, add pepper and salt to taste, stir it smoothly into the boiling soup. Serve with well buttered sippets of toasted bread.

Asparagus Soup.—Take two large bundles of asparagus, cut off the green tops and lay them in water. Skin the stalks carefully, chop them fine with an onion, put them into four quarts of water and let them boil an hour. Then strain off the liquor, put it back upon the tops, season with pepper and salt, put in a nice fat young fowl, and boil till the fowl is tender. Thicken with butter and flour rubbed together, and smoothed with a half pint of milk. Serve the chicken with a dressing of drawn butter and parsley.

Tomato Soup.—Skin carefully a gallon of ripe tomatoes, put them into a soup-pot and pour over them two quarts of rich soup-stock. Let it simmer an hour; run it through a sieve or tanning cloth, return it to the pot, season with pepper and salt. Rub the tureen well with a clove of garlic, and dish the soup as soon as it boils up the second time.

To prepare Soup Stock.—Take a calves head and feet well cleaned, put them into a large pot or soup digester with a hock of ham and

shin of beef. Let them boil until the meat drops from the bones. Strain off the liquor and set it away to cool. When cold and jellied, clear off all the fat, take the sediment from the bottom of the jelly, melt it, season with pepper and salt, and put it away in a cold place. This stock is the foundation for almost any soup. The meat from which it is made having been carefully separated from the bones may be used for "pressed head," "force-meat," mock-turtle soup, etc.

THE VOICE OF ATHENS.

THE New England Woman Suffrage Association held its anniversary meetings in Boston at the Tremont Temple, during the past week.

The whole Pantheon of the gods, whom Boston—and not Boston alone—delights to honor, were present. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the "Pallas Athena" of Mr. Wm. H. Channing, presided at the council board. Speeches were made by James Freeman Clarke, Mrs. Howe, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Robert Collyer, Wm. H. Channing and Wendell Phillips.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison gave twelve reasons why women should vote:

1st. They have the same natural and inalienable rights, and the same common interests as men.

2d. They have as much concern in the establishment of justice, the insurance of domestic tranquility, in providing for the common defence, promoting the common welfare, and in securing the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posperity as have men.

3d. They are naturally as capable of understanding and determining what laws will be as equitable and what measures effective to those ends as men.

4th. They have as strong a love of country and as exalted and pure patriotism as men.

5th. They are taxed without representation, and in various way by unjust legislation.

6th. They are made amenable to the laws even to the extent of capital punishment; laws which they have no part in enacting and to which their consent has never been asked or given.

7th. Deprived of the ballot they have no means of self-protection against legal and judicial injustice.

8th. With the ballot they will possess an equal share of political power and thus be able to redress every wrong.

9th. All caste legislation is oppressive.

10th. A government which excludes one-half the population from all participation in its affairs is not a government of the people.

11th. To make sex a ground of exclusion from the possession and exercise of equal rights is as unjustifiable and tyrannical as it has been to make color of skin the ground of similar abuse.

12th. To withhold it from women is to assign them to a state of guardianship through sheer usurpation and the strong arm of brute force, and consequently tends injuriously to affect the character, policy and destiny of a country, and to make a pure and just administration of government utterly impracticable.

It is pleasant to see the time-honored and world-renowned champions of the anti-slavery reform donning their armor afresh, after their last victory, and entering the lists for the cause of woman's enfranchisement.

These veterans after their good fight against the incubus of negro slavery, have seen their country freed from this curse, and justice done the freedmen by the passage of a Fifteenth Amendment; is it too much to hope that their present struggle for the civil and political rights of women may be crowned with the same success, and that they may live to chronicle a second victory in the passage of a Sixteenth Amendment which shall guarantee to our people equal rights without distinction of sex.

DES MOINES COUNTY, Iowa, has a Sheriffess. Her name is Mrs. Latty. She acts as deputy for her husband.

Fashions.

PARIS FASHIONS THIS SPRING.

IN Paris fashions this spring, it is the quintessence of gentility to adopt an epoch and adhere to it. Thus, if the slashing style is becoming, there are the dresses under Henry I. If bows and ruche and lively dash is preferred, there is the piquant Pompadour. If the First Empire, the fashion is between Josephine, Hortense, etc. If short skirts are worn, the overtunic must be short in front and the under petticoat flounced up very high; but if a trained skirt is preferred, then the bottom flounce should be wide and trimmings high only up the front width. The tunic is looped behind toward the sides.

SPRING MANTLES, CASAQUES AND JACKETS.

Garments for out-door wear may be of a different material from the dress, but in all cases they must be of the same color. The Metternich mantle which has been so popular with elderly ladies during the past season, shows a variety of changes and modifications, which make it a desirable street garment for younger ladies. Many out-door suits consist simply of the skirt and the Polonaise. In this case the underskirt may be trimmed with one deep flounce, with a flat heading or standing frill, or it may be finished with narrow ruffles scantily gathered, or arranged in flat box plaits, or if preferred, there may be a wider trimming of flat plaits, all turned one way, called pelisses or Russian plaitings.

Casaques are made with V shaped fronts, and the most stylish are remarkable for the revers which adorn every part where a rever can possibly be placed. They are tight-fitting, while the gores which compose the skirt are frequently turned back in revers at the bottom, while they are caught together just above the revers by bows, rosettes, or loopings of ribbon. They have also revers at the neck, and sometimes the sash is turned back in the same way. Other styles, made of inexpensive material, have revers simulated by trimming which in suit goods is generally fringe.

Short jackets and sacks are among the most popular and simple styles of street garments. The jackets are sometimes cut coat style, or the back will be made like a short basque with half-tight fronts. In these materials for summer wear, jackets and sacks will be made *en suit* with the dress. A few of the former which have made their appearance without sleeves cannot, without they are made of the same material as the dress, be recommended for their beauty. The sailor collar is very stylish with the short jacket, but the pointed hood which is sometimes seen on this style of garment is extremely ugly.

THE HATS AND BONNETS.

The shapes are mostly high, but with many variations. The Tyrolese has many admirers, but this style is mostly worn for elegant toilets; the plainer casquette shapes are very pretty, no some of the prettiest the trimming is not behind. In bonnets the black net, and especially those of net gauze, and the beautiful *crape de chine*, are much worn. One color in costume is considered *a la mode*. The scarf box vail continues in great favor, and gives an elegant air and finish. There is a great promise of something wonderful in bonnets from Paris and Berlin, something astounding, making parasols useless. But I fear so long as the hair is worn so elaborately dressed, making plain women look charming, and so much money expended on hair dressing, it will be quite useless to cover it up with an ugly cool scuttle shaped bonnet. And how could we give up the parasols, for we must always have something in our hands.

HAIR DRESSING.

The hair is worn low down into the nape of the neck; large braids and rolls, curls and frizzles in profusion, covering, in many instances, the entire front, making it impossible to wear anything but an ornamental comb, the scarf vail forming the only admissible covering for the head. This, of course, is for evening and carriage costume. The small bonnets are made of falls of lace, and the vails are worn behind by those who do not patronize the ornamental style of dressing the hair.

The large, sensible pongee parasols will be "de rigeur" this summer.

A novelty this spring is the handkerchief of unbleached linen, to match the ecru linen dresses. They are exceedingly fine and very elaborate, but not pretty enough to become very fashionable.

Parasols, this summer, are trimmed with narrow ruches of white silk, or with deep, flat folds of crape, or in plain black, lined with the same color. For light mourning they are occasionally used in pure white, with lace cover, but this is scarcely in keeping with the costume.

In making flounces with flat pleats turned all one way for cretonnes and cambrics, it must be remembered that they should be very full—at least twice the fullness of the dress at the bottom. They should be stitched on near the top, and the pleats are merely pressed, not sewed down.

Among the novelties shown now are some very pretty jackets, of peculiarly soft and downy looking worsted, very suitable for the cool mornings of this and next month. They are of blue mauve, pink, and white, as well as of black and white—and those of black with but little white are used for carriage costumes, though they seem much more suitable for the house.

Widows' caps are small three-cornered pieces of tulle, or fine Paris material, or widow's mite, edged with crimped border of the same, and tied on with a black ribbon run through the centre. They are often not fastened at all, but allowed to rest lightly on the top of the hair while the strings fall easily at the side. They add much to the *tout ensemble* of the mourning toilet.

Every possible kind of trimming is worn—even beads, so lately "gone out," seem to be "coming in" again, and the stylishness of a dress seems to depend more on how the trimming is used than on what it is composed of. The poplins, and other worsted dress goods of the brown or gray shades should be trimmed with black, as black silk bindings, or ruchings, or narrow black velvet ribbons, or else with silk of the same color, but in a darker shade.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The newest thing in the colored fancy jewelry is smoked Roman pearls in shaded green, violet or crimson balls, set in silver and gold.

The latest fashions in gold necklaces are made of heavy links in the shape of a horse shoe, with small ball pendants, and made so that they can be worn for bracelets as well as a necklace.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, Editor.
EDWIN A. STUDWELL, Publisher.

NEW YORK, JUNE 2, 1870.

"THE REVOLUTION ASSOCIATION."

PURSUANT to the laws of the state of New York, a Joint Stock Company, with a capital of fifty thousand dollars (all of which has been taken), was formed in Brooklyn, May 23, 1870, under the title of "THE REVOLUTION ASSOCIATION," for the purpose of continuing the publication of this journal on a more liberal basis than hitherto, and of promoting the efficiency of "The Union Woman's Suffrage Society," formed in New York, May 10th, 1870, of which Theodore Tilton is President.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, the late sole proprietor, and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the late chief editor of THE REVOLUTION, have retired from the superintendence of the establishment in order to devote themselves more fully to the lecture-field; but they each possess a proprietary interest in the new concern, and will put forth literary and other efforts for its success.

Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard, of Brooklyn, was unanimously chosen by the Association for editor and Edwin A. Studwell, of Brooklyn, by a similar vote, for publisher.

It is proper to mention that both the editor and publisher insist upon rendering their services without compensation, and as a free gift to the cause which they are enthusiastic to serve.

The officers of "The Revolution Association" are the following: President, John J. Merritt; Treasurer, Jeremiah Curtis; Secretary, John H. King; Trustees, John J. Merritt, Jeremiah Curtis, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Theodore Tilton, Susan B. Anthony, William P. Libby, Laura Curtis Bullard, Albert R. Reeder, Jeremiah W. Curtis, Mary M. Barney, Edwin A. Studwell, George N. Curtis, and Francis D. Moulton; the Executive Committee, William P. Libby, Edwin A. Studwell, and George N. Curtis.

Signed, JOHN J. MERRITT, President.
WILLIAM H. LIBBY, Chairman Ex. Com.
June 2, 1870.

A TALK ABOUT OURSELVES.

ENTERING with diffidence on our new editorial duties, our first impulse is to confess our gratitude to the early workers in woman's behalf, who, by the heroism of a twenty years' struggle against an adverse public sentiment, have at last made it possible for their successors to perform a woman's part on the public stage without the general hiss of the whole audience of the nation.

To make a fit mention of the names of these noble-spirited pioneers—"of whom the world is not worthy"—would be to write (after Chaucer) "A Legend of Good Women."

First of all there is Lucretia Mott—who still lives among us, a crowned queen of her sex, and who, as we saw her in April at the Fifth Avenue Conference, seemed the incarnation of equity, benignity, and charity; then Elizabeth Cady Stanton, her chief and most distinguished pupil—our editorial predecessor whose chair we cannot hope to fill, and whose pen we shall not attempt to wield, but shall leave it to her own cunning hand to ply it at her free will in these her familiar columns; then Paulina Wright Davis, President of the first National Convention for Woman's Suffrage ever held in America; then Lucy Stone, whose name, like a thread (silvery as her voice), is interwoven with the whole long history of this agitation; then Susan B. Anthony, that maiden Hercules of hard work—the tireless soul that never stops to rest; then, later, Anna E. Dickinson, princess of the platform, who, with a heart consecrated to the liberty of her country and the elevation of her sex, has by her labors and success opened the gateway to a livelihood for thousands of women who ought to be grateful enough to call her blessed; then, too,—but we will not undertake to catalogue the multitude of newer accessions to the ranks—noble, cultivated, gifted women, who are now apprenticing their best energies to the enfranchisement of their sex.

This journal, under its new management, will endeavor to maintain a sisterly fellowship with these and other co-workers in the common cause irrespective of the different national organizations to which they may happen to belong. It will endeavor to keep an impartial chronicle of the public services of each and all—without distinction of party, or without hint of division. It will love all women who love women. Profoundly as we respect the sex of which our fathers, brothers and sons are specimens, we nevertheless are not of those women who would rather have been born men. We are proud of our sex; not of its crippled rights, not of its dwarfed opportunities, not of its neglected education, not of its delayed enfranchisement; but proud of its native womanhood. We believe that women are greater than they are aware—nobler than they imagine themselves to be—stronger than they are taken for by the world; and our endeavor shall be, in penning these weekly pages, to develop among women an ever-growing sense of their inherent capacities, of their solemn responsibilities, of their exalted mission, and of their present golden opportunity.

This is woman's era. Woman now, as never before, has the ear of the whole world. She ought to speak fearlessly. What we want to assist her in saying is, that she is not man's plaything but peer, not his ornament but companion, not his chattel but equal.

We breathe no defiance to the other sex; indeed we would be ashamed to have the other sex outdo us in courtesy. Women and men are not natural enemies. There is no reason in nature why they should be formed into classes against each other. They belong, evermore and everywhere, together. The family, the church, the state:—all these institutions ought to be the common property of both sexes.

Women ought to live in the same houses with men; to sit at the same tables with men; to mingle in the same social scenes with men; to occupy the same church pews with men; to have the same chances for a livelihood with men; to possess the same interests in the state with men; to exercise the same political right of self-government with men; in short, to fulfill, at nature's decree, and under God's eye, the same common human duty and destiny with men.

And this is our whole theory on the woman question. We ask for ourselves only what God has given us; and that is, a right to be, and to do, all we are capable of, and with no more hindrances thrown by men into our paths, than are thrown by women into theirs.

Our just demands are, by some, cheerfully granted; by others, stubbornly denied. This cheerfulness is daily increasing; this stubbornness daily diminishing. We are thankful that our lot has been cast in a period of the world's history when women have so many rights as they now possess: and we are still more thankful that our daughters are to live under a regime of yet ampler justice, and to breathe the atmosphere of a yet nobler civilization.

We make no boasts—no, hardly even any promises—of what we intend to do in these columns. Indeed, we are more sobered than gladdened by the prospect of our task. But duty impelled us to do something for the cause of woman; conscience would not permit us to be idle in a field where others were active; friends kept reminding us of this duty, and appealing to this conscience; and at last we yielded (perhaps rashly) to the kind persuasions which have lured us reluctantly into this editorial chair.

Without offering apologies (a habit better left to men), let us humbly add, in palliation of all noticeable newspaper short-comings (of which, alack, we shall exhibit too many), that we cannot hope to make at first so good a journal as we aspire to furnish by and by. So that if our friends are not content with what we offer them now, neither are we. The only promise which we dare put forth is that THE REVOLUTION, considered as a journal for women, shall be found like woman herself, to grow better with age.

OUR METHODIST WOMEN.

No church exerts a more powerful influence on public opinion among the great body of people in this country than the Methodist. And it is a fortunate thing that by all its traditions the Methodist church is bound to the right side on the Woman question. There is no woman of early Methodism more revered than the gifted and saintly Mrs. Fletcher, wife of the vicar of Madeley, who not only held meetings, but preached and called it preaching, too. Mrs. Susannah Wesley, the mother of John and Charles, had herself held meetings for the religious instruction of the poor. From its earliest history, Methodism has accorded to women the right to meet in social meetings on a perfect equality with men. And now, though Dr. Curry, the editor of the *Advocate*, in this city, with characteristic old fogyism, opposes Woman's Suffrage, yet is the Methodist church in advance, perhaps, of any other on this question, and the organ in this city is almost the only one of its papers that opposes enfranchisement of women. Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, of this city, has long been accustomed to do something very like preaching both in this country and England, and has written a book in favor of woman's right to preach. Mrs. Van Cott is a regularly licensed minister in the Methodist church, and Mrs. Jennie F. Nilling, of Rockford, Illinois, the gifted writer and speaker, is the Secretary of the Methodist Missionary Society. She is the sister of Rev. Dr. Fowler, of Chicago, and wife of a prominent minister of the Methodist church in Illinois, Rev. W. C. Nilling. Mrs. Nilling is not a licensed minister, but she lectures and *preaches* most efficiently every week of her life. Most of the leading men of the Methodist church have already committed themselves to Woman's Suffrage, and if that great church is only true to the progressive principle

to which Wesley committed it, the Woman question is sure of its powerful aid.

THE TESTIMONY OF A LIFE.

THE New York *Sun* accuses Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton of promulgating free-love theories in the recent speech on the Richardson-McFarland case at Apollo Hall, and attempts to prove its charge by a few garbled extracts from that lecture. After thus making a text for itself, it proceeds to say:

> We will not here attempt to combat the views which Mrs. Stanton so boldly avows. We wish merely to point out that if they are made an integral part of the Woman's Rights platform, the whole movement is irretrievably lost. There is so much involved in the maintenance of the sancity of the marriage tie, that the doctrine of divorce at the will of the parties—that is to say, of absolute and unrestricted free love—must destroy any cause with which it may be identified, however true and good the intrinsic character of that cause may happen to be.

These remarks of the *Sun* are all very excellent in their way, but as neither Mrs. Stanton nor the Woman's Rights party advocate the theories which the *Sun* so obligingly furnishes them as articles of their creed, its comments are slightly out of place.

Mrs. Stanton said at the opening of her speech: "I have been accused of free love theories. But as I have been the wife of one man for the last thirty years, and expect to remain with him till my death, I leave my life to answer that charge."

Such slanders against a loyal wife and devoted mother are simply absurd. But let us see what heresies Mrs. Stanton uttered against the marriage relation which can justify the *Sun's* horror and outcry.

She simply argued that more care and caution should be exercised in entering upon the marriage relation, that men and women should strive to fit themselves for the duties which a union for life imposed upon them; and secondly, she asked that the divorce laws in the state of New York should be remodeled after the pattern of those now existing in the majority of the United States. She urged that there is more than one just cause for divorce, in fact, and that this should be recognized by our state laws. If this be free love, then three-quarters of the states of our Union share the odium of having framed their laws in accordance with the theories for which Mrs. Stanton is assailed. The Presbyterian Confession of Faith, in declaring desertion to be a just ground of divorce, must also be ranked with the champions of free love. But how absurd are such charges? And how unjust are such wholesale and unfounded accusations against a noble woman and a reform movement.

It is easy for a doughty knight to set up a man of straw and run a tilt against it. But even if he comes out a conqueror from the encounter, is there much glory in the victory?

MRS. STANTON'S ADDRESS IN BROOKLYN.

AT the request of many prominent citizens of Brooklyn, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton repeated her lecture on the McFarland-Richardson case, first delivered at Apollo Hall "to ladies only," on Wednesday afternoon, May 25th, in the Academy of Music. Taking this unhappy affair merely as a text, the able lecturer proceeded to give her ideas on the whole subject of marriage and divorce, and for more than an hour she held a large and cultivated audience entranced by her eloquence.

At the close of her speech many ladies crowded around Mrs. Stanton to thank her for her noble words; some of them confessed, indeed, that they had entered the building, fearing that the lecturer had intended to scout the marriage relation, but had been agreeably disappointed to find that so far from such being the case, the aim of the speaker had been to uphold the sacredness of true marriage, and to demand a better preparation for its high and holy obligations.

On the evening of this same day in which Mrs. Stanton spoke, Miss Maud Ernest delivered a lecture in Apollo Hall, on this identical theme, varied only by some strictures on Mrs. Stanton's address. The New York papers inform us that "the audience was a very small one, the subject being entirely worn out."

The large and enthusiastic crowd of listeners who assembled to hear Mrs. Stanton's able speech forms rather a singular commentary on this remark.

Possibly the fact, upon which Miss Ernest insists with no little pride, that she herself is not strong-minded, may have had something to do with the size of her audience as compared with that of her sister speaker, who must perforce plead guilty to that charge.

A strong mind may or may not be an agreeable feature in a woman who remains in the seclusion of private life, for this depends largely on the tastes and ideas of her friends, but when a lady comes before the world as a lecturer it must be conceded that the fact of her being weak-minded would give her no special claims to the public favor.

MARGARET FULLER.

A RIGH festival was recently holden in Boston by the New England Woman's Club in honor of Margaret Fuller—that large brained, large hearted creature, of whom Horace Greeley once said, "Margaret Fuller was the greatest woman I ever saw, or ever expect to see."

It was the anniversary of her birthday, and in the Club parlors in Tremont Place a group of her old friends and admirers were gathered to do honor to her memory. Her portrait, by Hicks, Mrs. Moulton tells us, was "draped in royal purple, which befits a queen, with white day-lilies bending over it from above and lilies-of-the-valley clustered beneath it as it hung upon the wall. In another recess was still another portrait of her—a colored photograph—surrounded by pictures of four of her dearest friends, James Freeman Clarke, Wm. Henry Channing, Seth Cheney and Theodore Parker. Elsewhere hung portraits of the children whom she loved, and of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Casts from antique statues were here and there; choice bronzes, and, above all, flowers in such profusion that it seemed as if all the gardens of summer had blossomed in advance in Margaret's honor."

One after another of those who had known and loved her best, spoke of her early life, her character, her work, and her death. Said James Freeman Clarke: "The greatness of Margaret's mind was matched by the largeness of her soul. She passed through every stage of culture, and devoted herself at last to the help of humanity as the best thing. She was not only a woman of genius, but she was a woman whom self-consecration made holy."

Dr. Hedge was the next speaker; he drew a picture of her, the child of thirteen, strange, undeveloped, but full of genius and power, as she was when he first knew her. "Recalling her image, full contour, opulent development, stately carriage, it seemed that nature had intended her for beauty but missed the aim by giving her an undue proportion of brain, which induced premature consciousness and prevented the repose necessary for beautiful development—as when the mould is too much shaken the statue comes out awry. In those days it was hard for Margaret to forgive nature or herself for this want of beauty. She would have given all the powers of her mind for the pink and white prettiness of some other girls. This made her bitter and sarcastic. She became very unpopular in Cambridge, and was sent to school for a year at Groton. She passed through some terrible mental experiences at Groton, and came back to Cambridge so changed that she won not only popularity but devoted respect. Toward the end of her life he again saw a good deal of her in Italy. She was physically worn and faded, but her soul was indescribably glorified and enlarged. She was working day and night for others, and so continued to work till the last."

Mr. Channing, Col. Higginson, Miss Peabody and others followed with personal reminiscences, extracts from private letters, and allusions to her life abroad, where Margaret's nature "blossomed anew into such youth that her marriage with a man younger than herself seemed not unnatural."

It was strange and sad that on the very threshold of what bade fair to be her happiest days, she should have perished, wrecked on the shores of her native land, to which she was returning with her husband and child; where hosts of friends were ready to welcome her, and where she was to give to the world her greatest work, the history of the Italian struggle for freedom, which she felt would establish her fame as a writer. But the same sea which engulfed Margaret and her family, swept away this memorial of some of the noblest years of her life. Margaret Fuller wrote much and well, but her fame rests more securely on what she was, than on what she did. In one respect she resembled Coleridge; her best thought she expressed rather in speech than by her pen. "What she said was infinitely more than what she wrote, and no description could ever do justice to the power of her conversation."

She was a noble soul, full of infinite capacity, full of infinite tenderness, and this celebration of her birthday, twenty years after her death, by the New England Woman's Club, was a fitting and graceful tribute to the memory of one who deserves to be ranked as one of the greatest as she certainly was one of the most original of American women.

LETTERS.—As with this number Miss Anthony's and Mrs. Stanton's connection with THE REVOLUTION ceases, Miss Anthony desires to have her letters for the present directed to Rochester, N. Y., where her mother and sisters reside; and Mrs. Stanton's should be directed either to her husband's law office, care of H. B. Stanton, Esq., No. 4 Warren st., New York city, or to her country residence, Highwood Park, Tenafly, New Jersey.

THE names of Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony were received with much enthusiasm whenever mentioned in the anniversary meeting in Boston last week.

WOMEN AND NEBULÆ.

In looking over astronomical works, one is struck by the progress that has been made in the knowledge of these curious masses of luminous matter, so called nebulæ.

A few hundred years ago these "clouds" were considered to be only aggregations of loosely floating particles, out of which worlds might perhaps be eventually made. At present they were of no especial use—pretty to look at, but that was all. Behold, under the powerful analysis of the modern telescope, these cloudy indefinite affairs are being rapidly resolved into an infinite number of stars, each a sun like our own. Just so with woman. Though usually set down as an inferior, rather useless appendage to man, only tolerable as a companion during his hours of relaxation, she has always been a puzzle, and a mystery. While, through all the fogs and falsities of the ages, man has inwardly recognised the fact that she is his equal, he has striven in every way to maintain his external error. But with the added weight of modern science, art and culture, he begins at length to behold these ornamental nebulæ, slowly resolving themselves into "bright particular stars." Where before was only fantastic, incoherent variableness, he now sees the order, method and regularity of a perfectly organized work of creation.

Those faculties which have always allied woman most closely to the good, the beautiful, and the true—namely, her affectional and intuitional nature, have assumed a nebulous appearance in the eyes of men, when compared with the mechanical regularity of his own easily analyzed mortality. Whereas humanity was blind on this subject, it now begins to see. Woman herself, though dimly conscious of her birthright, has ever yielded a half assent to man's dogma as to her inferiority.

What woes upon woes has this cost her through the ages.

Truly her "prentice hand she tried on man." Nature's last best work, as is natural, is last understood.

What interminable discussions have there been about woman's faculties. Neither sex could understand how a creature who performed but little of the grand constructive work of the material world could be man's equal. As we advance slowly toward "the good time coming," and woman comes further and further out of the clouds, we shall better and better understand her perfect equality. As the reign of brute force is gradually superseded by those of love and justice—as the external umpire between man and man, and nature and man, begins to slacken—this great fact becomes continually more apparent. Man is an earning and combative animal. As through the reorganization of society it becomes easier to earn a living—and there is less of external combat needed to ensure success, man will either be compelled to cultivate the true *gentlemanly* qualities, or take a back seat. And let woman lead him into these amiabilities to which she is naturally prone. There is no better way to resolve woman's character out of its nebulous into its real appearance, than by looking at her connection with the generally received ideas about heaven.

If it is the fact that the traits of character supposed to prevail in the realms of the blessed are those in which woman predominates—meekness, gentleness, benevolence, love, reverence, hope, spirituality, and disinterestedness—we must admit that her equality with man is a hard fact.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

At the late anniversary of the Law School of Columbia College, some startling facts relating to the legal position of Woman in the state of New York, were brought to the notice of the public.

Woman has not only granted to her by the courts of law the right to sue and to be sued, but she has power to trade alone, to make contracts alone, and to use her money as she deems fit, whether to gratify her fancy for speculation by investing in railway shares and doubtful securities, or to enhance her goods by judicious ventures in real estate and commercial transactions. She may buy property when and where she pleases, and sell it when and to whom her fancy prompts. She may receive legacies, and—having a will of her own—bequeath them; earn her wages and spend them. She may dispose of her property without her husband's consent, but he cannot sell his real estate without her concurrence. She may will away her property and leave her husband a beggar. He cannot control or interfere with her right of dower. If the parties should, unhappily, sever the marriage relations by divorce, he is, if in fault, by law bound to support her; but she may throw her husband upon the cold charity of the world and leave him a prey to misery and starvation. In proceedings at law women are privileged from arrest, except for wilful injury to person, character or property. The husband, on the other hand, enjoys the cold comfort of knowing that for the same offences he may have to exchange a comfortable home for the bars of a prison cell. She may commit frauds and still roam at large under the free air of heaven, while her poor husband is made liable for her *torts* and trespasses, and by a special act of 1848 it was declared that the property of any female who might thereafter marry, and which she shall own at the time of her marriage, and the rents, etc., were not to be subject to the disposal of her husband, nor liable for his debts.

Now we are not of that class who believe that men have no rights which women are bound to respect, and we have never asked for more than equality before the law. We shall always be found on the side of those who are oppressed by partial and unjust legislation. Our sense of justice is revolted by a law which forces a man to pay his wife's debts whether he has any money or not, but which gives his creditors no claims on her, for the payment of his liabilities.

Our sympathies are enlisted for a man who, having married a rich woman, can feel no security of inheritance at her death, except on the tenure of good conduct, and is even then at the mercy of her caprices—while a woman marrying a rich man cannot be disinherited by his will.

Let us have justice meted out to all! The laws are made not for the good, who are a law to themselves, but to be a terror to evil-doers. No judicious and fair-minded women would discriminate thus unjustly in favor of their sex. Such legislation proves that women are needed to look out for the interests of their sons and brothers, to say nothing of their husbands. Give them the ballot, then, and admit them to the halls of legislation. Depend upon it, the ancients knew what they were about when they represented justice as a woman.

In the meantime, until we do get the ballot, let those of us who can wield a pen, use it in behalf of the oppressed and outraged male citizen of the state of New York.

Mrs. Lucretia Mott, on her return from the Boston anniversaries, made a friendly call on Miss Anthony at our office, and expressed great disappointment in finding her absent.

THE HEART'S TITLE DEED.

A great deal has been said of late about the false theory of "ownership" in the marriage relation.

Ownership is an unpleasant word; there is a hint of slavery in it which makes one's very instinct rebel against it, but after all, what is the central idea upon which the whole structure of marriage rests, if not that of mutual possession. And this thought, so far from being unpleasant, is to all those who are drawn together by the subtle magnetism of love, a most delightful one.

Poets in all ages and of all races have rung the changes on this subject, and there is no human being so prosaic as not to have dreamed of that blissful union of

> Two souls with but one single thought,
> Two hearts that beat as one.

Which Parthenia tells Ingomar is the condition of true lovers.

Tennyson's lines,

> Love took up the harp of life, smote on all its chords with might,
> Smote the chord of self which ringing, passed in music out of sight.

And the more prosaic, but equally forcible French proverb, "Love is selfishness for two," express the same sentiment. As Mrs. Julia Ward Howe makes her heroine say in the tragedy of the "World's Own."

> Why *master* seems the dearest name of all.

But not to multiply quotations from the poets, it is an indisputable fact in human experience that when the Pentecostal fire of love touches the heart, all the mere stubble of self-assertion is swept away, and no one feels that "aught of the things which he possessed is his own; but they have all things common."

This is the ideal of the marriage state; the crowning flower of life's experience; a force as essential to the best interests of individuals as it is to the preservation of society in harmony and order, and as much a part of the laws that govern human nature as is the law of gravitation, a part of the laws that govern this planet.

The fault, then, lies, not in our ideals of marriage, but in marriage as a fact.

Too many men and women enter this most sacred relation hastily, ignorantly and rashly. They marry with less thought or care than they would give to the purchase of a house or a farm, and too late they repent bitterly of their precipitation.

Sometimes they do even worse than this; for they wed from the most ignoble of motives, for wealth, family or position, all the while conscious that they do not love the man or woman who is to share their lives.

What wonder, then, that the marriage tie is so often a yoke of bondage. The wonder is rather not that there are so many unhappy marriages, but that there are so few, considering the heedlessness and folly with which matches are made.

It is time that there was a change in public sentiment on this point; that parents, teachers, the clergy and all leaders of thought should rouse the minds of the people to new ideas of the sanctity of marriage and the proper preparation for its duties. And when those only are united in wedlock "whom God hath joined together," no man can or will wish to put them asunder.

In Berlin the lady teachers have drawn up a petition to the Minister of Instruction, praying for the increased employment of women in all the schools for girls, in both city and country

Letters from Friends.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S VIEW OF THE QUESTION.

EDITOR OF THE REVOLUTION: I cannot refrain from giving expression to some of my feelings consequent upon attending the sessions of the National Woman's Suffrage Convention held in this city last week. Curiosity—to see how women could organize and conduct a Convention, and to hear women speak in public—and not a desire to be instructed or edified led me to the spot. I am relieved to find that you and your co-workers have not brazen faces, fiery eyes, and forked tongues. I had never before seen a Woman's Rights woman.

I am southern by birth and education, reared in all the luxury and effeminacy characteristic of the former prosperous days of my native soil. Labor among us, as you are well aware—I say nothing to tarnish the fair name of the south, for her reputation is as dear to me as life—was not honorable in females, though a few of us dared overleap the wall custom had built and engaged in teaching and writing. In the then existing state of our society, Woman's Rights would have been a farce. It was not mentioned except to be ridiculed as a monster originated in the minds of our more daring go-a-head sisters of the north. We did not go so far as to inform ourselves what you proposed to accomplish by such organization. We supposed, however, it was to bring yourselves upon a level with man, simply by the ballot, which to us seemed trespassing all rules of polite, moral and religious decorum.

Little did we imagine, that the grand philanthropic idea of improving woman's condition, of extending the field of her capabilities, of bringing into active exercise the faculties with which she is endowed by nature, lay at the base of your superstructure.

I was, however, prepared, it seemed, in the end, to have my prejudices thoroughly shaken, if not entirely removed; since for the past six months or more, I have been engaged in writing "papers" for American girls, in which I repeatedly urged them to do away with frivolities and set themselves to improving their minds, in order that they might be ready to meet with becoming grace any reverse of fortune. I am pleased to know the question to effect this purpose is agitated; yet I cannot say the plan you propose is just the one for doing it. I will have to weigh, survey and calculate much before I am ready to give a definite answer on this.

The lethargy of England and America to do still more for the elevation of woman—as they boasted of taking the palm in chivalry toward her, has resulted in bringing upon the platform a class of orators and speakers, which but for this oversight on their part would probably never have had an existence. No tongue is so eloquent as the one pleading its own grievances, no heart so bold as the one which carries its own weight. Hence it is, that you and your co-laborers are astounding the world with your eloquence and argument combined with feminine modesty found in the more retired walks of woman's life.

I have my religious scruples in regard to this matter, but when I reflect that we of the south, before the emancipation of our *institution*, felt supported and sustained by the Bible that slavery was right, thought nothing was more clearly taught according to our understanding of the Scriptures, and yet this idea has been overthrown by the freeing of the negro. I think it may be so in reference to the female sex. This, however, as with the other, with my present convictions, is a question of time. Whatever may be the result. I am thus far, and I ever shall be, an advocate for ameliorating the condition, increasing the importance, and raising the standard of excellence of woman.

Your cause is gaining ground. Before the end of another year, I dare say, it will have wakened up every niche, nook and corner of this vast republic. As it is *vital*, it is high time all, especially women, were aroused and ascertaining in what way they and their kindred are to be effected by the ballot.

God speed you—if your plan be His, for fitting us to enjoy more fully the developments which science, commerce, and art are daily making in this age of progress.

Yours truly, MAGNOLIA.

New York, May 17, 1870.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 23.

DEAR REVOLUTION: After a week at home from the winter's trip and the whirl of New York excitement during anniversary week, I begin to realize its blessings, and its interests. A thousand things are stretching out their hands for aid and recognition. Children, with their demands for new clothes, buttons, loops, and pockets, turn themselves towards me; the flowers lift up their heads, and give forth their sweet breath, and ask for recognition; the rose bushes thrust out their dry stems and demand the pruning shears; the birds have built in the tiniest, thickest shrubs, and ask their share of the crumbs and seeds. Mrs. Robin looks in at my window from her nest in the big cherry tree, and tells me she has young ones, and craves sympathy.

I have, however, read with interest all that was said and done at the celebration of Margaret Fuller Ossoli's birthday. I am glad we are beginning to have such days for women; but I cannot help feeling that men do not yet understand that truly noble composite woman. They appreciate keenly her intellect, her wit, her cultivation and aspirations; they see her tenderness, but they have not divined the source of that love which seeks to defend and protect, as she did, all the defenceless and weak, for they can never comprehend her vast maternal nature; nor that her desire for personal beauty found its origin in this demand, and not in vanity.

Her large mother nature, and her love and recognition of woman's power drew me to her far more strongly than her intellect, although I revered her as one almost divine in that.

When her *Woman in the Nineteenth Century* was issued, I took it damp from the press, an unbound copy, and made it my companion while westward bound. In Chicago I read it aloud to a group of liberal friends; the women were charmed with it; but when she said a wife should give the marital law, every man present rebelled; and when she claimed that every sphere which a woman could fill, even that of sea captain, was hers by divine right, men, and women too, flouted her, as they do now those who are claiming Suffrage as an inherent right. For a little time she was the target for ridicule and reproach, but her tragic end has made her the ideal woman; had she lived, her large practical nature would have made her foremost in our ranks.

Her influence has not passed away; it was far more manifest in the crowd that gathered in Tremont temple and listened with wrapt attention to Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Livermore than in the little group in the club-rooms; the one showed how her thought was pervading the masses; that it was as the leaven hid in three measures of meal, and not confined to a few of the more highly cultivated.

Every one who has read her writings will remember how constantly she recognizes the difficulties in the way of women, how they are hedged in, excluded and made frivolous by circumstances.

Yours ever, P. W. D.

WASHINGTON, May 12th, 1870.

I HAVE a school-room in a damp, unhealthy locality, and have been obliged to keep the windows and doors open in order to let out the foul air. *This is one of the public school-rooms of Washington* (it is a disgrace), and after having taught sixty boys in such room, am obliged to borrow money or check for $45.85. Oh, my dear friend, how is it possible for women to bear up constantly under such grievances? In my last letter to you I was hopeful that something would be done to ameliorate our condition as public school-teachers.

I presume you have received the signature of the ladies of Washington in opposition to Mrs. Dahlgren's movement. Your cause has gained in every quarter since the Convention.

A TEACHER.

This is the condition of a Southern woman reared in luxury and independence, and a widow with seven children, teaching school for $45 a month. Instead of educating our daughters to dependence let us prepare them for such emergencies as these.

HOW WOMANHOOD SUFFRAGE WAS BEATEN IN MINNESOTA.—Frank Daggett, editor of the Nebraska *Herald*, was enrolling clerk of the Minnesota legislature at the time. On the occasion of George Francis Train's late visit to Eau Claire, he was discussing the Woman's Rights question with a brother editor. "If," said he, "that bill had gone to the Governor *on time*, it would have been passed over his veto by two-thirds majority. I was clerk of the House; and why it wasn't sent in only one man knows beside myself." Here is a pretty spectacle! the sworn officer of the people boasting publicly by what trickery he had frustrated the reform their representatives had resolved on! This you may rely upon as true. "And yet," said Daggett, "after all, I confess I look on it *as one of those things that must come.*"

C. L. JAMES.

West Eau Claire, Wis.

A WORD FOR THE SHOP GIRLS.—Some of the saleswomen employed in the stores on 6th and 8th avenues, Grand and Catherine streets, in New York, complain bitterly of the number of hours of daily toil to which they are subjected. From 8 a. m. till 11 p. m., they are obliged to stand on their weary feet, for they are not allowed to sit down during the day or evening, and they beg the aid of the Clerks Early Closing Association or of any friends who will assist them in inducing their employers to follow the example of the Broadway shopkeepers and close their establishments at 7 p. m., except on Saturday evenings.

These women ask only that which the young men of the Clerks Association have requested

of their employers and their demand was granted. As their colaborers, are not the shop girls entitled to a little consideration and aid from their fellow clerks? Shall they ask for it in vain?

PETROLEUM V. NASBY spoke "on the struggles of a Conservative with the Woman Question" in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, last week.

The lecture was given for the benefit and under the auspices of the Brooklyn Woman's Club, and was very well attended, although undoubtedly, the audience would have been much larger had the evening been pleasant. But it rained, and as a little wet weather is apt to dampen the zeal of pleasure seekers, not so many were present as we could have wished.

Those who did come, however, evidently felt themselves well repaid for having braved the elements. They applauded and laughed with a heartiness that is another proof that

> A little nonsense, now and then,
> Is relished by the best of men.

And when, as in the case of this lecture, a subtle undercurrent of good sense and genuine feeling lies below the wit and humor, the enjoyment is all the more perfect. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Nasby is a most popular lecturer.

THE DECADE MEETING.—Twenty years ago the first National Woman's Rights Convention occurred at Worcester, Mass. It was called by Paulina Wright Davis, and was attended by the men and women whose names are foremost in the history of all reform movements in America.

It was proposed at the meeting of the Union Woman's Suffrage Society in this city, that the twentieth anniversary of this first National Convention should be celebrated at Philadelphia, on the 17th and 18th of October next. A committee of arrangements was appointed of which Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis was made, very properly, chairman. Efforts will be used to bring together all the pioneers in this movement, particularly those who were present at Worcester, and invitations to the Convention will be extended also to the leaders in the cause of Woman's Enfranchisement in Europe as well as in America; and it is hoped that this anniversary occasion will be one of unusual interest.

DOT AND I—NOM DE PLUME

NO. I.

WHEN I was a little girl, I joined a Methodist class. In obedience to the teachings given me there, I tried to do my duty by taking up my cross at each meeting of the class. It was a "cross" to speak in meeting, and I could often hear my heart beating for several minutes before I arose to speak. The relief I felt when it was over I took for the Divine blessing. I used to take a back seat, and to speak as low as possible, looking straight down; for all this performance was from no inward prompting of love to God or man (I speak for only one Methodist), but simply a ritual service, sincerely done as a means of pacifying the Deity that was then held up before my imagination. In later years I have sometimes, in spirit, found it rather difficult to refrain from speaking in meeting, and would gladly have made all the world hear the truth that seemed to me to be trying so hard to get itself uttered by some one.

Riding home from church one Sunday in the old times, a sister asked,

"Faith, why don't you speak louder in meeting? Only a few can hear a word you say."

I presume I blushed. I know I thought I didn't want folks to hear what I said, but in my embarrassment, I answered:

"Because my bonnet is so small."

That amused the girls. They told me I spoke so low that everybody had to look around to see what was going on, and so my old-fashioned, rather out-grown bonnet was seen by more persons than if I spoke up better. After that, by a great effort, I spoke louder in meeting, till, with the coming of spring, I "backslid."

I don't intend to make a very close application of this story, but I was forcibly reminded of it the other day, when this little note dropped out of a business letter I opened:

MESSRS. EDITORS: Will you please give me the real name and address of your correspondent "Faith Rochester," and oblige, etc.

It may have been only curiosity, but perhaps that woman really had something to say to me which I ought to hear. If so, she could have enclosed a post-paid letter to me with a note to the editors she addressed, and they would have sent it on. No matter whether "Faith Rochester" is my "real name" or not. People who shelter themselves behind fictitious signatures have their own reasons, or instincts, for doing so, and is it not a little unfair to try to drag them out? I hear some honest, matter-of-fact persons talk as though there is something insincere or cowardly in using a *nom de plume*. They don't seem to understand that one might be conscious of being a "little goose," conventionally judged, and being almost irresistibly impelled to say what she thinks, might wish to spare beloved friends the mortification of seeing her make a public exposure of the nonsense that is in her. If she says anything for which she ought to be called to an account, why there are the editors who have her name and address, "as a guarantee of good faith."

I used to think that if I ever wrote anything really good and wise, I should, of course, send it forth with my full name attached, but now I think of it, I am not surprised that our beloved Mrs. Stowe gave us some of her best heart-thoughts by the mouth of Christopher Crowfield. I have never wondered why Mrs. Browning's sweetest sonnets were "from the Portuguese." People differ about these things as babies do about bashfulness. Some men, and many women, have a natural dread of publicity, while others think nothing about it—it seems their natural element. Fortunately there is room in the world for both classes.

The honest persons, before mentioned, say that people should sign their true names to what they write, not only because they ought to be responsible for their own errors, but because they ought to have the *credit* for anything good they may say. To be sure, no other person ought to claim or accept credit for what another has said or done—it is the meanest kind of dishonesty; but in an enlightened society, what mature person would be so childish as to claim any credit (in the way of seeking praise) for the drops of truth trickling from the infinite fount through his petty personality? The Lord "works by means," but He could probably get His work done without our pitchers and lanterns and flourish of trumpets. If He uses us in any way to show the world His love or goodness, it is all the better for us—in fact, that is the only way this life can be really worth living. The loveliest and best human beings are only clay shrines where we may offer to the Highest the grateful incense of our hearts.

FAITH ROCHESTER.

Gossip.

PARKER PILLSBURY has left the city for a short trip through the West.

ANNIE, neice to Gen. Sam Carey, is studying law at Hamilton, Ohio.

MISS LEWIS, the American sculptress at Rome, was born in a wigwam.

SUSAN DENIN, one of our native actresses, is creating a great sensation in England.

MRS. E. A. LANE proposes to publish a paper in opposition to Woman's Suffrage.

MISS MORGAN, an English lady, has taken the degree of M.D. at the University of Zurich.

ONLY two professors voted in the negative on the question of admitting women to the Medical University of Vienna.

GEORGE SAND has presented the artists of the Paris Odeon her portrait, bearing this inscription, "1804, *date de ma naissance.*"

LUCCA, who is singing at the Royal Opera in Berlin, appears on the stage decorated with the two orders of merit which she has won, those of Weimar and Coburg.

OBERLIN, in spite of the 140 "Lorain memorialists," has a Woman Suffrage Association, with an influential board of officers and a goodly number of members.

THE female compositors employed by the American Tract Society of New York have asked for the same rate of pay as the men receive. Why not? And why should not their request be granted?

THE Poor Law Board in London has ruled that women cannot lawfully act as parish guardians, and that consequently Miss Burdett-Coutts is ineligible to that office in the parish of Bethnal Green.

THE ladies of Gratz, in Austria, have put up a very original bouquet for Pius IX. It consists of a large medallion of the Holy Father, surrounded by silver flowers and leaves, set off with gold pieces that may easily be detached.

A LADY in Binghamton, N. Y., received an elegant bouquet from New York city and among the choice flowers was one of fine, delicate blossoms, pure white. She planted it in her conservatory, and, not knowing its proper name, called it "Scrosia."

THE report that the residents of Woodside, N. J., are hostile to Mrs. Richardson, and will not associate with her is untrue. She receives daily calls from sympathizing friends, and constantly bouquets and other evidences of regard are sent to her.

LAST summer a lady in Rochester, wanting a new house and owning a lot, drew plans, made elevations, let the contract, and superintended the building, as the contractor was unable to attend to it. Finding her efforts successful she sold it with a good profit, and is now making preparations to build another on an improved plan.

An Edinburgh contemporary reports that the ladies studying in the university of that city applied to Dr. Alleyne Nicholson for instruction in natural history. Dr. Nicholson's usual class of male students assented, and besides the six studying medicine, five other ladies resident in Edinburgh are also attending.

Miss Kate Field's lectures for next season are entitled "Actors and Acting," and "Mrs. Elizabeth Barret Browning." Miss Field knew the great poetess well, as she lived in Florence near the Brownings for some time. The many personal reminiscences which this acquaintance enables her to give, will be most interesting and valuable.

In Paris, it is proposed to form a Scandinavian Benevolent Society, of which the blonde-haired Christine Nilsson is to be the chief supporter and promoter. It appears that the success of Mlle. Nillson has drawn to Paris a number of Scandinavian girl-singers. Mlle. Nillson is to give a concert, at which she is to appear, supported by a national chorus of Swedish, Danish and Norwegian girls, the proceeds to be applied to the aforenamed society.

Gen. Jordan makes an appeal to the ladies of Brooklyn and New York to assist the wives and children of the Cuban patriots, who are utterly destitute of clothing. Having been compelled to leave their homes in the city at a short notice, they are now blockaded in the country, unable to obtain clothing for themselves and children. Gen. Jordan therefore makes this appeal for their assistance, confidently expecting those who responded so generously to the call from Ireland and Crete to heed the cry from Cuba.

A Bristol paper of May 13, publishes the following item about the great English reformer, who at present holds the honorable position of President of the Board of Trade:

> Mr. Bright, who is at Leandudno, is much better, and is out every day. He knits garters to amuse himself, as he is allowed to read but little.

> That Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do,

is one of the axioms of good Dr. Watts, which English as well as American mothers early teach their children, if we may judge from Mr. Bright's example. Convalescents would do well to take a hint from the British statesman.

There is a young lady of vast wealth, residing in the vicinity of Union Square, who employs her leisure and pocket money in buying cloth, muslin, and calico by the wholesale, and cutting it into garments. She takes her carriage, and goes into lanes and by-ways, giving work to needy people; and when finished and liberally paid for she generally bestows the comfortable garments on those poor men, and their wives and children, who "fought and bled" in the late war. None are turned from her door without the help that maketh the heart glad. She is said to be highly accomplished, agreeable, modest, and seeks happiness in doing good. She is devoted to her good work and a dear relative, and has refused the hands of some of the leading men of the nation.

The Ladies Art Association held their annual meeting on Saturday, the 14th inst., at their Studio, room No. 20 Clinton Hall. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Henry Peters Grey; Vice-President, Sophia M. Tobbs; Treasurer, Mrs. E. C. Field; Custodian, Alice Donhoy; Recording Secretary, Margaretta Willitts; Corresponding Secretary, Elizabeth H. Remington; Executive Committee, Mrs. A. S. Oakes and Miss Mary Cook.

Facts for the Ladies.—I have had my Wheeler & Wilson Machine almost eight years, and have never ceased blessing the lucky chance that brought it to me. Not one cent has it cost for repairs, and I have broken but one needle in five and a half years. The same needle has gone through "thick and thin," for since I learned that it would answer to use fine thread or silk for everything, I never change my needle, but use the same one to sew thick cloth of many folds that I use for hemming pocket-handkerchiefs.

New Haven, Ct. Mrs. R. S. Brown.

LITERARY.

The Magazines of the month are overflowing with not only pleasant but instructive reading.

The Phrenological Journal and Packard's Monthly go on swimmingly together. Neither seems inclined to eat the other up, but each maintains its place and interest. "What Can I Do Best" is an admirable article, and commends itself to young men and women about deciding upon their life work. "Precocious Children and their Management" should be read by all parents who are afflicted with children "clever beyond their years." "The Mother of 100,000 Children," a sketch of a *ci-devant* matron of the Child's Nursery at Randall's Island, by Sarah F. Norton, is well written and gives to Packard's readers the story of a true Woman's Rights Woman—one who found her place and filled it. "Is it Safe for women to Appear Alone in Public?" by Mrs. E. B. Duffy, gives the experience of a woman who has been obliged to walk in the city at night "unprotected." She very warmly reproves certain literary women who have taken pains to hint to the world insults received from persons occupying the editorial chair. Mrs. Duffy says: "Let women, on all occasions, bear in mind that they are ladies, and behave as such. Let there be no assuming of masculine manners along with masculine liberty, and I believe they may travel from one end of civilization to the other with perfect impunity."

Harper's Monthly for June is as full of good things as an egg is of meat. One hardly knows which of its articles to select for mention, they are all so readable and entertaining. Travel, history, biography, leisure, "sport," romance, poetry and reform, all have their allotted space, and then comes that never-failing delight, the Editor's Easy Chair, replete with pleasant, graceful humor of its occupant—the Drawer of fun, spice and anecdote, alike entertaining to young and to old. Seldom have we seen a better number of this truly home magazine than the one before us.

Lippincott's Magazine makes no great pretensions, but is not less readable than many that do. We commend to the notice of those having our judicial interests in hand, the article entitled "Our Judiciary." It is an admirable statement of the imperfections of the American judicial system, and pretty plainly shows that system is one great lack. It is a *multum in parvo* article, and written with a racy *esprit* which makes it as entertaining as it is commendable in truthfulness and design.

The Laws of Life, Austin, Jackson & Co., Dansville, should be in the hands of every man and woman in the land. The present number, like every other one we ever saw, is full of excellent advice, admirable reading matter, and such hygenic hints as, were they only followed, would regenerate the world—physically—and that, to our mind, is a good step towards spiritual renovation.

The Little Corporal still stands on Excelsior heights. Lowell & Miller, Chicago, Ill. One dollar a year.

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A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a besotted husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and debasing standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most serviceable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be wakened in the morning and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

Not to lengthen the catalogue of illustrations, we say in brief, that every law of the state, every limitation of wages, every inadequate system of education, every tyranny of custom, every cruel conventionalism of society, and every other incubus which bears unjustly and injuriously on woman, to cripple her growth and hinder her progress;—any and every obstacle which prevents her realization of the high ideal to which God predestined woman by creating her soul for an immortal equality with man's;—all this we aim to revolutionize.

Called into existence to utter the cry of the ill-paid, of the unfriended, and of the disfranchised, this journal is woman's voice speaking from woman's heart.

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GOOD WORK.

We have seen some specimens of skillful work in the boot-making line which deserve a notice in these columns. Very few people have sound feet. It has been the custom of most parents, as far back toward Adam as we can remember, to cramp, strain, and distort the most useful member of the body—the foot. Children cry and fret, and the "dear little things" are told to "whist!" while suffering the most intense pain. A narrow, slender, and tight-fitting shoe on a young child is the cause of untold agony and life-long suffering, and we are decidedly in favor of having something done to prevent this cruelty to young animals. Those who "have been afflicted from their youth up" should only employ a skillful anatomical workman, who has brains enough to comprehend the exact situation of each and every one of his customers. Such a man we know to be Mr. C. C. Richmond, 573 Broadway, New York. A foot—yes, a troublesome pair of them (and we happen to know all about the matter personally)—were presented to him the other day for a "*comfortable* fit." The difficulties in the case were carefully studied, the tender spots surveyed, the lumps examined; and then, like a "doctor and an artist," he took the measure of both feet, and went to work. The result has astonished us. We never knew what comfort there was in a new boot before. We never knew before what a handsome foot we had. We never knew what "real French calf" was. We never knew a great many other things which we now understand perfectly. But other results have followed. Our temper has improved, our smiles have multiplied amazingly, and we have been a "joy" to all the world around us.

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P. S.—This notice is a free, unbought contribution, dedicated to suffering humanity—and to Richmond.—*Independent, May 19, 1870.*

Having known Mr. C. C. Richmond more than a half score years, I can heartily endorse the above.

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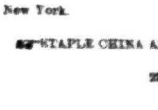

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CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I. This organization shall be called The Union Woman Suffrage Society.

ART. II. Its object shall be to secure the elective franchise to women on equal terms with men.

ART. III. Any person favoring the object, and agreeing to the Constitution, may become a member of this Association by paying $1 annually; or a life member, by a payment of $10 at one time; and all members shall be entitled to vote at all meetings of the Association.

ART. IV. The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice-Presidents, a Corresponding Secretary, a Recording Secretary, a Treasurer, an Auditing Committee of three, and an Executive Committee of fifteen, of whom five shall constitute a quorum.

ART. V. The annual meeting of the Association shall be held in the City of New York on the second Tuesday in May, when reports shall be presented by the Treasurer, the Secretaries, and the Executive Committee; officers shall be elected for the ensuing year; and such other business shall be transacted as the interests of the cause may require.

ART. VI. Any state or other local society, formed to promote Woman's Suffrage, shall, on declaring itself Auxiliary to this Association, be recognized as such.

ART. VII. A special meeting of this Association shall be called by the President at the joint request of any three State societies. A special meeting of the Executive Committee shall be called by the Chairman at the request of any single auxiliary State society. But the Association shall have had a previous notice of not less than thirty, and the Committee of not less than fifteen days.

ART. VIII. The Executive Committee may fill vacancies in its own body, or in any office (the Presidency excepted), occurring prior to the next ensuing annual meeting of the Association.

ART. IX. No money shall be paid to the Treasury except under such restrictions as the Executive Committee may provide.

ART. X. No distinction shall ever be made by this Association on account of color, race, or sex.

ART. XI. This Constitution may be amended at any meeting of the Association by a vote of three-fifths of the members present.

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General communications relating to this Society, letters of inquiry, etc., should be addressed to the President, Theodore Tilton; contributions for the treasury to the Treasurer, John J. Merritt; and notices of executive business and practical detail, to the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Edwin A. Studwell. All letters should be legibly addressed to

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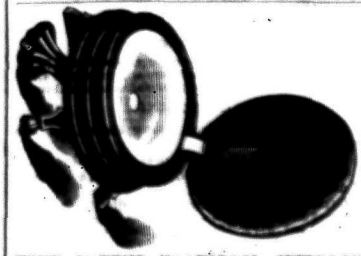

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